

# Clem Spruance.

I am too busy to write my "ad" this week.

Come in and let me give you some pointers on CLOTHING.

# Clem Spruance.

## POLITICAL CALENDAR.

People's party state convention to nominate state ticket, congressman at large, ten presidential electors and elect delegates to national convention, Wichita, June 15th.

Prohibition party state convention, Forest Park, Ottawa, July 12, 13.

Republican state convention to select delegates to national Republican convention, Hutchinson, May 5.

Republican state convention to nominate officers, at Topeka, June 30.

Seventh district convention to nominate delegates to Republican national convention, Kinsley, May 3.

Seventh district congressional convention to nominate Republican congressman, Kingman, June 5.

Everybody should read the "Seven Financial Conspiracies." Only 10 cts.

A large number of Wellington and Sumner county people were in the "land chase" Tuesday.

Every club in the country should have a circulating library composed of the books in our list.

Rev. Wm. Long of Wellington, will preach at the Whaley school house next Sunday the 24th at 11 a. m. All are invited.

Probate Judge Chapman is taking a few days vacation and visiting his old home in Illinois. His daughter, little Bessie, is with him.

Turner Barnett and W. S. Nelson are down at the "land opening." They took D. S. Rose along to cook for them.

Black & Murrell have \$30,000 home money to loan. Bring your papers so you can have the money without delay. 32-1f

If you want a Carriage, Buggy, Surry, Phaeton, Road wagon, or cart, just step into A. Graff's and you will see the finest line that money can bring. The work is guaranteed, and you will get more value for your money, than is to be had any where else.

The book "In Office" is selling quite rapidly now. Robert Collins, of Oxford, who was until recently department clerk at Washington, says the book does not make the record as black as it really is. The Voice keeps it in stock at 25 cts postpaid.

When you come to the County Alliance next week come prepared to take some of our literature home with you to read. Examine our list elsewhere and make your selections. Read them and then hand them to your neighbors.

Rev. C. H. St. John, of the Illinois conference, will deliver a temperance lecture in this city, Monday evening, April 25. This is the beginning of a series of temperance lectures to be given here. They will in no way be political.

You must see the Vehicles at A. Graff's to know what is there. It costs nothing to see them. Come in and let us show you, what good work is.

Mrs. M. A. Chaplain, known by every lady in Sumner county to be the leading milliner in the county, has arranged to give her customers better satisfaction than ever before this spring. She has a most elegant line of spring styles in hats, bonnets, etc., and her reputation as a fancy trimmer gives her millinery store a good recommendation. She will try to please you and asks for your patronage.

We don't make much show but the Reliable Process Gasoline stove sold by A. Graff don't need it. If you want the best vapor stove on the market, and of course you do, you will have a Reliable Process and none other. Come and see them at A. Graff's.

Anthony has learned one thing in the past year; that is, he acknowledges the corn that the People's party is the kite and the democratic party the tail. He averred the reverse in his last speech here.

Governor Anthony says that the government can not make money any more than it can make souls. If the governor knows any field or tree in any country or clime where money grows we might waive all objections and elect him to congress if he would put us all "on."

It will be noticed that the names of Col. Tom Donohue and C. E. Elliott, the victims of recent indiscretions figure prominently among the delegates to the Republican conventions. Little discrepancies like these are no bar to activity in Republican political circles, so long as men hold their heads erect and circulate in the society of gentlemen.

## STATE LECTURER S. M. SCOTT,

will address the County Alliance on Friday, April 29. Let all Alliance people turn out.

Hon. HARRISON KELLEY the ex-Republican Congressman, will speak to the people of the county in Liberty Hall on Saturday, April 30, at 2 p. m. Everybody invited.

## THE GOSPEL OF DIRT.

REV. THOMAS DIXON POINTS OUT THE ABSURDITIES OF INGERSOLLISM.

## THE GOSPEL OF DIRT.

The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—II Corinthians iv 18.

No man hath seen God at any time.—John i 18.

God is spirit.—John iv 24.

In his recent utterances Colonel Ingersoll ridicules and denies the supernatural, and in almost the same breath declares his "dying faith in the ideal."

He says: "In the soul of every man, or in the temple inhabited by every soul, there is one niche in which can be found the statue of the ideal. In the presence of this statue the good man worships, the bad man blasphemes; that is to say, he is not true to the ideal." Here again the colonel lands us in the midst of an irreconcilable contradiction. He denies the supernatural, but attempts to save himself from the pigsty of materialism by taking refuge in the ideal.

Deny the supernatural and assert the ideal!

## LOGICAL HYSTERIA.

Again, the colonel allows his rhetoric to run away with his reason and land him in the middle of a spell of mental sickness. This is logical hysteria. This is the philosophy of jimjams. This is another effort of the eloquent orator to wait his hearer on the flowers of rhetoric into a fool's paradise. What is the supernatural? It is not the unnatural. It is not antagonistic to nature. It is the complement of the natural. It is the sequel of the natural. It is not against nature. It is simply above that which has been observed to be the course of nature, meaning observed through our senses. It is not contrary to sense. It is super-sensuous. The eye of the body sees matter. We apprehend matter through the avenues of the five senses. This world of matter has been called "real."

## EYE OF THE SOUL.

But you may close my eye, blindfold me, lead me into midnight darkness, and through the closed eyelids, through the blindfold, through the darkness I will see worlds peopled with life and beauty. This is the ideal. The ideal is that which man sees through the eye of the soul. The ideal belongs to the immaterial, super-sensuous, spiritual, supernatural world. The ideal is of the creed of the spirit. He who holds the creed of the spirit is the idealist. He declares that from the beginning was the spirit; that the end will be the spirit. That matter is that which passes, that it is temporal, that it is the result of causes and movements originating in the real world—the spiritual world—and that their sequence can only be found in this same world of spirit.

## SEE IT OR SMELL IT.

Upon the other hand, the creed of matter denies the reality of all things except matter. The creed of matter declares that matter is the beginning and the end of itself. That matter is the one only eternal verity that was, is and ever will be the only fact of time—meaning physical matter. The measurement of this creed is the five senses, the organs by which we apprehend matter. The creed of matter asserts that all that is real can be measured by these organs of sense. If a thing is not a delusion you can feel it with your fingers, hear it with the drum of your ear, taste it with your palate, see it with your optic nerve or put your nose into it and smell it.

## ONAT OR CAMEL?

Such a creed in the denial of a super-sensuous, supernatural world must reduce the ideal to a delusion. The ideal then merely becomes a subjective phantom which the imagination projects from suggestions gathered from matter. The materialist who holds to the ideal reduces the ideal simply to a sham, a humbug, a delusion, and from a delusion he takes the standard by which he measures his own life. For the colonel says, "Here the good man worships, the bad man blasphemes." To deny the supernatural and profess the ideal—this is to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"—a whole camel, hoofs, hair, hide, hump and all. To deny the supernatural is to place one's self of necessity on the platform of matter. To proclaim this creed of matter is to proclaim the Gospel of Dirt.

To assert the creed of matter is to stake one's life on that which is least known and deny what man knows best.

## MIND STUFF AND WORLD STUFF.

Because: First—Science has led the world up to a point at which matter becomes the one unknowable mystery of the universe. The firmer has been the grasp of science on matter the louder and more startling has become the heartbeat of the God of Spirit in matter. The fact is that the scientific world cannot even today agree upon a definition of matter. They do not know whether it is hard or soft, whether it is extended or unextended, whether it is the antithesis of mind or whether it is all mental. Sir William Thompson, for instance, would attribute to it the quality of "h. as." but up jumps Boscovich and proceeds to knock all the hardness out of it. He proceeds in other words, to demolish the atomic theory of matter, and to the satisfaction of his end of the scientific world he shows conclusively that matter is not composed of atoms. Upon the other hand, Clifford and Haekel and Tyndall, when they approach matter, talk to us about "mind stuff" and "world stuff." We sit down and take our head in our hands and wonder whether it is composed mostly of "mind stuff" or more of "h. d stuff," or whether it is "all stuff!"

## WHAT IS GRAVITY?

The fact is that the little we know about matter has increased the mysteries of the universe, not lessened them. We have discovered the law of gravitation, which we say has solved a thousand mysteries; and yet this same law of gravitation has raised a thousand mysteries more than it has solved. What is gravitation? Why? Whence? Why does gravitation gravitate? Gravitation is nothing in itself. It is a name we use to designate the method by which an infinite power operates upon finite matter. Whence this power? What is this power? To say it is force is to solve nothing. What is force? Another name for this power. The more we know of matter the more impossible it is to believe that matter is simple dirt. Gas and gravitation do not make a world. When we understand that matter is a temporal incarnation of the Divine, that the spirit was in the beginning, that it will be in the end, that the things seen are temporal, the things unseen eternal, we can begin to grasp a workable theory of the universe. But this necessitates our belief in God; in other words, with Mr. Fiske, we must

declare that this infinite, eternal energy is none other than the living God.

Second—The man who asserts the creed of matter must deny what we know best.

## NATURE SPEAKS!

He must deny voice to nature. Nature throbs with intelligence. She speaks. The coming and the going of the seasons speak in a thousand tongues to men. The swelling of the bud, the bursting of the leaf, the blossoming of the flower, the song of the bird—all these have their divine language. The storm speaks. That is to say, the storm speaks a language higher and diviner than the measure of hydraulic pressure or of gravitation. The ocean speaks in a language sublimer than the chemical constituents of water. The mountain that looms in solemn grandeur before us has its voice of the eternities. So of field and flower, so of all nature. They speak a language higher and diviner than any theory which supposes them to be the result of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Whence these myriad tongues that proclaim the spirit, the life divine? To assert that the matter which perishes, upon which I gaze, is the ultimate reality is to deny voice to nature and to declare that the supposed voice of nature is simply a mental hallucination of man.

## IS NATURE AN ABORTION?

Such a man must also deny sequel to creation. Nature points upward and onward. Her language is upward. From the morning in which the scientist tells us the fire mist began to revolve, down to the day when upon the climax of the creative process man stood forth in the image of God, there has been but one voice in all this groaning universe. That voice has cried onward and upward. Shall this process, from the fire mist with its divine commission to bring forth life, up to man with the power to walk from star to star, to weigh worlds in the balance of his mind—shall this process turn to ashes in man? Shall creation be wrecked in him? If so, these centuries have been but centuries of tragedy. The outcome of nature has been but an abortion, her end a catastrophe. It is unscientific and preposterous to believe that such will be the end of this vast procession of the centuries. If creation have a meaning, if the universe have within it intelligence, and if its movement be within the bounds of reason, then there must be a sequel to this world in its incompleteness. There must be a vaster world that shall be its complement. To assert the reality of matter is to deny this sequel to the movement of the ages.

## WHAT IS THOUGHT?

Such a man must likewise deny the reality of his own denial. He must deny reality to thought. When we have declared matter to be the beginning and the end, meaning by matter that which is apprehended through the five senses, we have left out of consideration the mental half of the world. This is the larger part of the world. We have left it orphaned, unaccounted for. We have made a desperate attempt to erect a material basis for thought. So far these theories have simply been the jokes of the world of science. But even if we suppose that there is a materialistic theory that can account for the process of thought, we have not solved the mystery. Suppose that thought is the result of a disturbance of molecules in the gray matter of the brain situated in the skull. In this gray matter a big molecule jumps up and seizes a club and attacks a number of small molecules. A general riot of molecules follows. The result is that I think a thought, all due to a disturbance of molecules, caused perhaps by a change in the weather. So we must account for the phenomena of the mental and spiritual world.

## "A MOLECULE, ESQ."

Up that flame girl height, in the front of the battle's fury, charges a hero, leaps upon the enemy's ramparts, plants his flag by their guns, calling to his men, snatches victory from the jaws of a flaming hell. That is to say, there was a disturbance in the molecules in the gray matter of this fellow's skull. One molecule got into a dispute with another molecule, his friends took it up, there was a general fight, and the result was this man charged up the hill in this curious manner and did this deed, due to a disturbance of molecules in the cavity of the occipital bone.

A young man walks along the street and sees a young lady, seems suddenly struck by an idea, he makes her acquaintance, follows her up, follows her from day to day and week to week and month to month, until at last he persuades her to go with him, and they take a house and they are man and wife. That is to say, as he walked along a molecule leaps suddenly up from one of the nervous ganglia, perhaps at the back of his neck or the "burr" of his ear, and plunges into the molecules at the base of his skull. There is a terrible riot, and the result is he fell in love and married.

If this be true philosophy, it will be necessary to write a new history of the world, and it would of necessity be written by A. Molecule, Esq.

## SMELL A THOUGHT.

Suppose that such a theory of thought be tenable—we do not suppose it tenable for a moment—but for argument's sake suppose we can find a materialistic basis for the process of thought. That is one thing. But there is another thing within this mental world of vaster import than the process of thought that is unaccounted for, namely, the consciousness of the thought that I think. Above this process of thought sits enthroned the silent king who looks down upon the process and knows the fact of thought. Here we touch the fountain of all knowledge. What is this power, this consciousness of personality? It is not of the matter that makes the person. What is this consciousness of this mysterious mental process? I know that I think, and this power to know thought has also the power to correlate thought, to seize one thought, place it over against another, and from this union create a new thought. Certainly I cannot know thought by the process of the senses by which I apprehend matter. I cannot feel with my

fingers a thought, I cannot taste it with my palate, I cannot hear it with the drum of my ear, see it with my eye or stick my nose into it and smell it. I must confess that some of the colonel's recent alleged thoughts seem quite rank. If they were exposed to the sun I would not be responsible for the results. But if they did emit odor, the allegation of thought in such an instance would be gratuitous. We cannot apprehend thought by the process of the senses. Now, such a man who asserts the creed of matter leaves out of the world these spiritual realities. He must deny facts within this mental world which are as well known as the law of gravitation.

## MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Take the recent remarkable statements by Mr. Clemens in Harper's Magazine. He declares that on a certain morning, the 24 of March, before he had arisen from bed, a new idea suddenly exploded in his mind, the idea that a certain book ought to be written at once; that the man to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nev., a friend whom he had known twelve years before. He might be alive or dead, he could not tell, but determined to write to him at once. He did write to him, suggesting the idea of the book, and venturing to map out what he thought ought to be its plan. When the letter was finished the thought occurred to Mr. Clemens that if his friend should write the book and no publisher would accept the manuscript he would feel badly. So he laid the letter aside, wrote to his publisher, asked him for an interview. The publisher was out of town, did not return for a week, and his letter lay in the pigeonhole forgotten for eight or ten days, when on the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, among them a thick one written in a hand which seemed dimly familiar. He could not place it at first, but finally succeeded. He recognized the hand as that of his friend, Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nev. Turning to a visiting relative who sat near him, he handed the letter to him and said: "I will now do a miracle. I'll tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, all, without breaking the seal." This he proceeded to do. The letter was opened, and it was found to be identical in contents with the letter which Mr. Clemens himself had written on the 24 of March, and which still lay in the pigeonhole on the desk. The outline of this book, the character of the book, was the same outline sketched by Mr. Clemens.

## AN INFIDEL ENLIGHTENED.

Here we have the problem of thought transference without the basis of matter. These are not old women's tales of ghost stories and witchcraft and wonder. They are scientific facts related by men whose testimony is worth as much in a court of justice as the testimony of the great scientists of the world. It is such well known facts as these that in later days have forced such a mind as Mrs. Besant to desert the ground of agnostic materialism and accept the dogmas of theosophy without a question or a murmur.

The man who asserts today the creed of matter must not only deny what is best known to the world at large—he must deny some of the best known facts within the compass of his own conscious personality. Such a man, of necessity, reduces any ideal that he may profess to a sham and a delusion. Such a man must make—for he can do nothing else—the ideal world an imaginary projection from sketches drawn from matter. The progress of the world he must therefore limit within the domain of the known. For by this theory man has no power to create. All men are plagiarists. There can be no originality, and the world can only progress within the bounds of that which is known. This is manifestly absurd, when we look back over the centuries of the past and see the vast progress man has made from the known into the realm of the unknown. Constantly the mind of man is exploring trackless forests, opening them up to civilization and to light.

## WHY BRUNO DIED.

If the ideal be merely a fancy constructed of sketches taken from nature, then hope and fear, love and hate, honor and disgrace, character, motive, principle—these must be delusions, for they all belong to the world of the ideal. Are they subjective dreams, or do we believe that character is a reality, that honor, love, hope have a real existence? If we deny reality to the existence of character, and character is ideal, we destroy the very basis of the colonel's own hero worship. All the martyrs and heroes of the past were deluded fools. Bruno, for what he believed to be true, walked bravely to the stake. Now, flesh and blood did not choose fagot and flame. Bruno, the animal, did not love roasting flesh. He did not burn because he had a fancy for fire. He walked to the stake because the man was found not in the flesh, but in the unseen, immortal character which defied flame. Is character a delusion?

## POETRY A LIE?

The man who holds the creed of matter must say also that poetry is a lie, art a swindle, music a myth. The poet sings of spirit. The poet has yet to be born who can sing in the language of matter. Every poem ever written throbs with the super-sensuous world. If it is a poem, it is a poem because it is instinct with spirit. It is this power to grasp the spiritual realities of the upper world that enabled Oliver Wendell Holmes to write a poem on the old "Que Hoss Shay." There was nothing in this old, broken down cart out of which to make a poem. But from the world of spirit the poet wove around this rubbish of earth the wreath of immortality. Art is real only as it suggests the spirit. Art is art only as it is able to speak of this super-sensuous world. Art does not consist in paint and pigment, marble and clay. All that is of real art belongs to the spiritual world.

## MUSIC OR CATGUT?

If music be a reality, not a myth, its reality is found in this world of spirit. Music cannot be reduced to catgut, ivory and sounding brass. If so, then the master musicians of the world have been simply peddlers of secondhand sound. If what they sing in immortal oratorios

and divine symphonies be simply what they have heard in the world of matter, then the heart of music is to be found in this matter that perishes. And yet the great musician who held his audience spellbound by his magic, when his strings suddenly broke, leaped to his feet and striking his hand upon his breast cried, "The music goes on; it has not ceased, the music is inside here!" The musician is the man who has the power to translate into human language the Divine which he grasps within this spirit world. I shall never forget the first time I heard Haydn's "Creation" rendered by a magnificent orchestra, with 800 voices in the chorus. As the wondrous flood of melody broke upon the listening ears of those intent thousands our souls were swept upon its tide through the gates of the eternities! It seemed to me that I could hear the rhythmic beat of the heart of God from which this master musician caught these wondrous notes. He did take them from the heart of God.

## LANGUAGE FAILS.

We know that poetry is not a lie, art not a swindle, music not a myth, but that they are all real; because all language is an abortive effort to compass the infinite within the finite. And the man who seeks to translate this infinite truth within the compass of the finite recognizes his utter inability to attain the highest things which he feels. So the poet tells us of his song:

I have dreamed dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech.

The sublimest poem ever sung by the heart of genius was the one that refused to be imprisoned behind the bars of words. The grandest oration that ever thrilled the heart of orator was the one that eluded the grasp of speech. The greatest work of art that ever thrilled the soul of artist was the picture that eluded the touch of brush, the angel form that flitted through the shapeless marble and refused to be imprisoned.

Yes, to deny the spirit is to preach the Gospel of Mud, and not be able even to analyze the mud. To preach this gospel is to blast and to wither and to damn all that is good and beautiful and true and worth having in life. It blots out sun and moon and stars at last, reduces the universe to ashes, and over a dead world flings the chill of darkness and eternal night. Such a creed looks ever down, never up; throttles every divine aspiration of the human soul, gazes into the tides of the sewer and denies and ridicules man's faith in the blue and beauty and glory of the sea.

## COUNTY WRITERS.

### HOME VALLEY.

APRIL 19—How it rains. Mud and water till you can't rest. We expect soon to hear people complaining of too much pain in Kansas.

Wheat is growing rapidly after so long a standstill. Pity but the price could grow a little.

Charley Epperson's new house is completed.

Peaches have stormed it through and there is yet a pretty good showing.

Oats are up and looking well.

About half the corn crop is planted.

Mrs. Alexander is dangerously sick.

Mrs. Noble is better and Mrs. Brown is improving.

Lanty and John Johnston are among the throng that are rushing for the Arapahoe lands.

Wm. Robinson had a horse to die this week.

When I saw that the silver bill was beaten I went under for half an hour, but I came up all right and think it was the best thing they could do for the People's party.

Jake and Hod Hoagland and wives went to Michigan on a visit last week.

Miss Minnie Hazard is reported very sick at home, consequently we have no school this week.

The series of open Alliances conducted by the Home Valley Alliance last winter closed last Wednesday night with speeches, declamations and dialogues. It was very interesting throughout.

George McCracken was down from Conway Springs last Sunday.

Ben Lowry had a little girl, eight months old, die last week.

Elder Ingraham, of Oxford, preached for the Home Valley congregation Sunday and Sunday night.

Newland George is getting stone to make a cyclone cave.

The last regular meeting of the Alliance initiated three members and there are two applications for next night.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Platt were around soliciting aid for the cyclone sufferers this week. They report nearly every one willing to contribute something.

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Chapman F. A., No. 279, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The cyclone of March 31, 1892, struck the household of W. T. Little, and

WHEREAS, The said cyclone caused the instant death of four sons, Arthur, Sammy, Benny and Elsie, followed in a few hours by the father, and

WHEREAS, In the above named, the Alliance has lost an earnest member, an active worker, an honored brother and that the bereaved wife and mother and three small children have lost an affectionate husband and father and four happy sons and brothers, therefore be it

Resolved, That Chapman F. A., No. 279, do tender the bereaved widow and orphaned children our sincere sympathy in their lasting sorrow and overwhelming loss, and further be it

Resolved, That as true Alliance men, we can do no less than aid by gift of money and ask the County Alliance to pass resolutions and each subordinate Alliance in the county to make an earnest effort to secure money, which can be sent to A. D. Winsor, Oxford, Kansas, for which Mrs. Little will receipt them.

Something new in the way of a Cultivator at A. Graff's. It is the Bradley Disc for all kinds of shallow-cultivators. Just the thing for this county. You will say so when you see it.